

The



Cheer

ST. JOE, WIN OR LOSE—ST. JOE ALWAYS

VOL. XVI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1924

No. 18

LOYOLA SNATCHES GAME IN TENTH 5 TO 4 MUSICALE---ARTISTIC TRIUMPH OF THE YEAR

Hopping off to "Chi" on Wednesday last for a clash with Loyola U., our varsity Nine surprised both themselves and their supporters by battling that strong combination of players for ten innings of exceptionally fast base-ball before finally succumbing, 5-4. Invading Chicago with both ends of our regular battery unable to play, we were further handicapped by Old King Sol himself. Had not the sun prevented our fielders from nabbing easy chances the result would have been a more happy one. As it is, the fact that we went down to the University after ten hard-fought innings is far from an unhappy lot.

The game was decidedly a pitcher's duel, with the honors evenly divided. "Young Kid" Ratermann, as the Chicagoans classed our southpaw, pitched his usual heady-ball and kept the hits well scattered, while he whiffed seven. Flynn for Loyola had a slight edge until the final innings when he weakened perceptibly and was in constant danger. The entire St. Joe aggregation accorded flashy support; Stock made two thrilling plays at the plate, cutting off almost certain runs. All played remarkable ball and had our offensive during the first six frames been bolstered with even a sprinkling of confidence the game would have been ours.

At the end of the sixth Loyola led 2-0. One tally came in the opening stanza, via the hit and sacrifice route, another in the third frame. Two of Loyola's sluggers struck out in the second, two again in the fourth. Until the seventh St. Joe had procured only two singles; but then things happened. Hoffman's deep triple to left reminded us that we had a chance. On McGuire's grounder to second Hoffman tore home, and arose from a cloud of dust, safe. "Mac" then promptly stole second, advanced on Stock's infield hit, and tied the score on Gunderman's grounder.

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Lone Bingle For Central Normal As Saints Win 6-1

One hit does not make a slugger but it does make a hitherto hitless game no longer such. This fact was clearly demonstrated Saturday afternoon when the wearers of the black and white rompers defeated the aspiring pedagogues of Central Normal, 6-1. "Bullet" Tommy Neff—he was never better than on this occasion—held the Teachers hitless until the sixth when he was forced to retire with a wrenched arm. Kewpie Ratermann, the chubby southpaw, then relieved the St. Joe Captain and carried the no hit performance up to the last out in the ninth when one Mister Sprinkle won for himself the bouquet of ripe rhubarb by tapping a measly hit through the short field. The game was by far the best diamond exhibition seen here this season.

An early start with a run in the first inning as a result of O'Connor's triple and Lauer's sacrifice indicated that the home boys were out to win. O'Connor again lit the fireworks in the third with a beautiful double along the left field foul line from whence he sprinted across the plate on Hoffman's sharp single to left. In the fourth Collegeville Joe, alias John Klen, walked and then dashed the rest of the circuit when Jim Lauer, the Pride of Kouts, raked a double to left. Two more runs trickled across in the sixth on a combination of two-hit batsmen, two hits, and an error. The last Purple and Red score came over in the eighth when Roach, on first as the result of an error, stole second and reached home in safety after drawing an overthrow in his attempt to steal third.

The lone run for the Teachers came in the fourth when Neff, after walking Sprinkle helped the latter to second

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Friday evening the Music Department of the College, under the direction of Professor Paul Tonner, gave a very beautiful and artistic performance,—the annual musicale. The entertainment included the works of the great masters of Germany, France, Poland and Russia. There was a general interspersing of the light and the heavy which made the evening entirely enjoyable to the large number in attendance.

The program follows:

Fest March by Piel.....Violin Ensemble
Sonata Pathetique by Beethoven.....
.....Urban Wimmers (Piano)
Serenade of Franz Drdla.....
.....John Medland (Violin)
La Capricieuse by Edgar.....
.....John Medland (Violin)
A Major Polonaise by Chopin.....
.....Andrew Kobetits (Violin)
Scherzo Capriccio by Mendelssohn.....
.....Lawrence McGuire (Piano)
Valse Bluette of Drigo.....
.....Urban Wimmers (Violin)
Scherzo Tarantelle by Wieniawski.....
.....Urban Wimmers (Violin)
A Suite of Russian Pieces.....
.....Professor Paul Tonner
Sextette from Lucia di Lammermoor
(By Donizetti)—Edw. Kramer, Richard
Moody, Maurice Sondermann, James
Gordon.
Professor Russel Scheidler and his Or-
chestra.
Dialogue, "Along Musical Lines".....
.....James Hoban, Russel Scheidler
Scene from the Bohemian Girl (by Balfe)
—Chorus.

This year the musicale was a real triumph of the musical art. It was the result of much work on the part of the participants and Professor Tonner, who supervised the entire performance. The "Cheer" feels that it is voicing the opinion of all the spectators when it says, "Well done, only, come again!"

Special mention must here be made of the splendid work Professor Tonner has been doing at the college. Not only a teacher of wonderful understanding and talent, but also a composer of no mean ability, he has endeared himself to the students and faculty of the college to an extent that we do not realize at first thought. Through hard and conscientious work

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DWENGER COUNCIL INITIATES

Many Invested With Knighthood.

Though the weather omens were rather inauspicious Sunday morning, the day finally turned out in her gala attire to accommodate the Knights of Columbus who were investing forty young men with the knighthood in the order. At the seventh initiation of this council, these young men were knighted by R. V. Achatz, D.D., of Lafayette Council 496. The wonders of the initiation and all that goes with them was the order of the day.

High Mass at Saint Augustine's opened the day's festivities. Father Rudolph Stoltz, C.P.P.S., of the college was celebrant, while the Reverend S. J. Neiberg, C.P.P.S., the pastor, delivered a learned and instructive sermon. At ten-thirty the first degree was administered in Saint Augustine's Parish Hall, but in the afternoon,—as some would say,—to give the goat more room, every knight and candidate came out to the college gymnasium, where the second and third degrees were given. All three degrees were conferred by the Lafayette team. We cannot be too lavish in our praise of R. V. Achatz, D.D., and his staff, for they carried the affairs through with great success. If anyone does not believe these statements, let him ask the newly-made knights!

Following the sumptuous banquet prepared by the ladies of Saint Augustine's Parish, the following program was carried out:

- Toastmaster—Father S. J. Neiberg.
- Reading—Mrs. Harvey Messman.
- "A Knight of Columbus"—District Deputy Achatz.
- "A Good Citizen"—Grand Knight Edw. Lane.

- Vocal Solo—Miss Cecelia Callahan.
- Violin Solo—John Medland, accompanied by Raymond Boehm.

"Catholicity and the Stars and Stripes"—Rev. I. Rapp, C.P.P.S.

Several beautiful vocal solos were also given by Mrs. Vaughan, a guest from Lafayette.

Yes, Sunday, May 18, was a day to go down in the history of the Dwenger Council as one of the grandest successes in its time. It was a day of great achievements, not only for the candidates, but for the old knights as well. We are proud of our new members; members who give promise of greater things in the field of Columbianism, in the ranks of the noblest civilian order of the Universal Church. And we are more than proud of the fact that thirty of the new members are from the college. Sunday was indeed a day of revelations to many of the students who are now invested with the knighthood of a great organization.

LAST MEETING OF YEAR FOR COLUMBIANS

On May 11, the Columbians assembled for the last time in the scholastic year 1923-1924, and brought to a close the successful efforts which have crowned the year's work in the field of dramatic art. The last private program, given in connection with this meeting, produced a very interesting debate, Revolved: That the United States Was Justified in Restricting Japanese Immigration. Cornelius Dobmeyer upheld the affirmative; Anthony Schilling, the negative side. Eugene Arnoldi's reading was also of interest; and Alphonse Lucke brought down the house with a clever parody on Anthony's Oration over Caesar's body.

James Hoban, the critic pro tempore, delivered an exhaustive and comprehensive criticism on the play, "Louis XI." Mr. Hoban praised the character-portrayal, and the splendid work of the participants generally, yet did not hesitate to point out defects where he found them. Philip Rose, the regular critic of the Society, then commented on the preceding private program, and in his farewell remarks, thanked the members of the C. L. S. for their spirited co-operation manifested during his term of office.

Marcus Vogel, the president of the Society, then arose and at the close of his short talk called for a rising vote of thanks to the Reverend Director, Father Rapp, for his untiring efforts in the splendid work that made '23-'24 so successful for the Society. At the close of the meeting, Father Rapp, in reviewing the year's work and its connection with the various troubles that threatened the well-being of the Society during this period, expressed great pleasure at the all around satisfactory outcome.

Musical---Artistic Triumph of the Year

(Continued from page 1)

he has built up the music department to a very high standard. Ad multos annos, Professor!

A word about Urban Wimmers would also be in place. In many respects he has aided the music professor in that department with his talent, and his ability needs no eulogy, for it is well known to music lovers. Credit must be given to Charles Schmidt and Vincent Riley for their splendid portrayal of female characters in the scene from the Bohemian Girl. In fact, every member of the evening's performance did so well, that to mention their achievements alone, would take much larger space. Let it suffice to say that the college is proud to say that she has them as her students. The spirit manifested at this musicale shows us that St. Joseph's need take no rear seat when affairs come to a truly artistic standard.

LONE BINGLE FOR CENTRAL NORMAL AS SAINTS WIN, 6-1
(Continued from page 1)

by a high throw to first and to third by a balk. At this juncture Lauer came almost to the infield to snare Campbell's high fly and Sprinkle who broke for the plate was safe only because Stock dropped the ball after touching the runner.

This was an impressive victory for the close of the home campaign. Though minus our regular first baseman, "Flossy" Weier, and our first string catcher, Phil Rose, the Saints were there with plenty of pep and fight. Nine hits, four of them for extra bases, was the damage done to Mr. Amy's delivery. The old adage "spare the rod and spoil the child" will sink into disuse, if those Teachers use the rod as they used the bat in this game.

Central Normal

	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Byers	4	0	0	8	0	1
Houk	4	0	0	0	2	0
Miller	3	0	0	2	3	0
Sprinkle	3	1	0	1	0	2
Campbell	2	0	0	11	0	1
Huey	3	0	1	1	0	0
Cummings	3	0	0	0	0	0
Couth	2	0	0	1	1	0
Amy	3	0	0	0	5	0
Zieg	2	0	0	0	0	0
Blue	1	0	0	0	0	0

St. Joseph's

	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Roach	5	1	2	0	0	1
O'Connor	4	2	2	1	1	1
Lauer	4	0	1	1	0	0
Hoffman	3	0	1	1	1	0
Neff	3	0	0	1	3	1
McGuire	3	1	0	1	0	0
Gunderman	4	0	1	0	0	0
Stock	4	1	1	12	0	1
Klen	3	1	1	9	0	1
Ratermann	0	0	0	1	2	0

33	6	9	27	7	5
1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9			

St. Joe	1	0	1	1	0	2	0	1	x	—6
Normal	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Two Base Hits — O'Connor, Lauer, Roach. Three Base Hits — O'Connor. Stolen Base—McGuire 2, Roach 2, Hoffman. Double Plays—Hauk to Miller to Campbell. Struck Out by Neff, 7; Ratermann 4, Amy 7. Base on Balls—Off Neff 2, Ratermann 2, Amy 3. Left on Bases—Normal 7, St. Joe 9. Number of innings pitched by Neff, 5 1-3; Ratermann, 3 2-3. Earned Runs—Normal 0; St. Joe 4. Winning Pitcher—Neff. Time—2:17. Umpire—Kirk.

JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won.	Lost.	Pr Ct.
Whizbangs	6	3	.666
Bearcats	6	3	.666
T. N. T.'s	4	4	.500
Nine of Diamonds	4	4	.500
Maroons	3	5	.375
Questions	2	6	.250

Lawrence McGuire tends to rival the best of leaguers with his stellar performance. Mac's under them all the time and hitting like a second Tyrus.

Jimmy Lauer, suffering from water on the knee, has at last borrowed a towel and all's O. K. Watch this promising "Ross Young" perform in the garden the rest of the season.

LOYOLA U. SNATCHES GAME IN TENTH 5 TO 4

(Continued from page 1)

Loyola came back with a vengeance in their half, Flynn opening with a long triple to center and scoring on Adams' fly to right. The next three were retired in order. Loyola again scored in the eighth, and our men opened the ninth two runs behind, 4-2. But we were just beginning to fight. Hoffman singled. Then up came Tommy Neff, pinch-hitting for McGuire. And Tommy "did his stuff"; his screaming single to left scored Hoffman. And then—with Flynn holding the ball Tommy dashed for second, drawing a wild throw from Flynn. Stock advanced him on an infield out, and "Red" Gunderman uncorked a sharp single over short. Neff dashed home, and the score was tied! Our Brooklyn flash died stealing, however, and Klen ended the rally by grounding to third.

Tenth inning. Ratermann first up worked Flynn for a free ticket, but was forced by Roach, who promptly stole his second sack of the melee. He was stranded when O'Connor whiffed and Lauer grounded out.

And then came the finis. Lundguth, batting for Morrissey, worked hard for a pass, and won it. Flynn next laid down a dandy bunt, but Ratermann threw him out, thanks to Klen's wonderful dish-up at first. Then up strode the mighty Adams, with the winning run on second, and three consecutive

hits to his credit. Loyola's cheers died, however, when their mighty slugger swung viciously at the third strike. But—with two gone and the count 2 and 2 on Stuckey, this "wrecker" lined a screamer over short, and Lundguth raced home. The game was lost to us, but not until after an heroic battle with our "elders."

St. Joseph's College

	AB	R	H	C	E
Roach, rf.	5	0	1	2	0
O'Connor, ss.	5	0	0	2	1
Lauer, cf.	5	0	1	4	1
Hoffman, 2b.	3	2	2	4	1
McGuire, lf.	3	1	0	2	0
Stock, e.	4	0	1	10	1
Gunderman, 3b.	3	0	1	1	1
Klen, 1b.	4	0	0	9	0
Ratermann, p.	3	0	0	4	0
Neff, lf.	1	1	1	1	0
Total	36	4	7	39	5

Loyola University

	AB	R	H	C	E
Adams, 1b.	6	2	3	13	0
Stuckey, ss.	6	0	2	7	0
Trahan, 2b.	3	0	0	4	0
O'Neil, lf.	5	0	1	1	0
Jacobs, cf.	5	0	0	0	0
Buckley, 3b.	5	0	0	5	0
Kanoby, rf.	3	0	1	0	0
Deegan, c.	2	0	0	6	0
Flynn, p.	4	1	2	4	0
Morrissey, e.	2	1	0	4	1
Sutherland, rf.	1	0	1	0	0
Lundguth, e.	0	1	0	1	0
Total	42	5	10	45	1

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	
St. Joe	0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 2 0—4
Loyola U.	1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1—5

Stolen Bases—Roach (2), Hoffman, McGuire; Adams, O'Neil. Sacrifice Hits—Gundermann; Kanoby, Stuckey. Three-base Hits—Hoffman; Flynn. Struck out by Ratermann, 7; by Flynn, 9. Bases on balls, off Ratermann, 3; off Flynn, 2. Earned Runs—St. Joe: 3; Loyola, 2. Time of Game—1:45.

SPEAKING OF RABBITS

While traveling in Calabria, in the southern part of Italy, my companion and friends, who was a man rather advanced in years, complained of a stiffness in his legs, and suggested that we seek lodging at a neighboring farmhouse for the night. I, too, felt tired after the day's jaunt and readily agreed that we go no farther that day. Wheeling about to the right, we made for the nearest dwelling, approaching it as the evening shades began to fall. An elderly gentleman, attired as a humble peasant, met us at the entrance, and gladly offered what hospitality his poor circumstances would allow. His wife likewise received us kindly, and while the husband was caring for our horses, she busied herself about the kitchen preparing us some slight repast.

After a while the husband came in, and we sat down and ate heartily of the simple fare prepared for us. When we had finished, we discussed the topics of the day, our travels, and experiences (in Spanish, for both our host and hostess spoke that language fluently). We soon came to the conclusion that both had seen better days, for they spoke intelligently and

seldom made a mistake in grammar.

Thus the evening wore on pleasantly and rapidly enough. About nine o'clock we prepared to retire, our host leading the way to the attic chamber reached by means of a ladder—the best they had to offer. After bidding us goodnight, he descended, and by the noise that followed, I surmised that he was helping his wife about the kitchen.

Left to ourselves, we examined the quarters assigned to us. There was a small landing at the top of the ladder from which an only door led into our bedroom. In the far end of the apartment were stored cast-off household articles of various description. Along the wall just inside the door stood a large antique bed simply spread. Near it a narrow window looked out into the starlit heavens. Close by the chimney penetrated the low, rafted ceiling of our chamber. My friend threw himself on the bed with a sigh of contentment mingled with weariness, such as can be had only by traveling on horseback for eight hours. For a while I sat up and read "Gulliver's Travels" (a time-worn copy of which I found among other books in the room) by the light of a coal oil lamp. But my eyes soon grew heavy and,

NEWMANS HOLD BANQUET

Have Closing Exercises of Year

Bringing the year's efforts to a close, the Newman Literary Society held a large banquet in the visitors' dining room of the college on Sunday, May twenty-fifth. Every member of the society was present at the banquet.

With the President of the Society acting as toast-master each member was called upon to make a few remarks and to give his name, home address, and prospective address for next year, deeming this a way of keeping the society more closely united in the years that are to come, and thus strengthen the friendships that have been formed this last year.

The Spiritual Director of the Society made the closing address, in which he pointed with pride to what had been accomplished during the year. Father Maurice Ehleringer has again led the Newmans to a successful termination of a year's efforts, and he, as well as every member of the society is to be congratulated. Father Maurice gave expression to the feelings of every member present when he terminated the banquet with words to the effect that all those present would "long remember the Newman Club of 1924."

THE VARSITY ON THE DEFENSIVE

	PO.	A.	E.	Pct.
Ratermann, p.	3	12	0	1000
Weier, 1b.	36	0	1	973
Klen, lf., 1b.	18	1	1	950
Stock, c.	34	3	2	947
Hoffman, 2b.	18	13	2	939
Rose, c.	34	7	3	932
Sonderman, 1b.	12	1	1	929
Boone, p.	2	10	1	923
T. Neff, p.	2	9	1	917
McGuire, lf.	9	1	1	909
Roach, rf.	5	1	1	857
Lauer, cf.	4	1	1	833
O'Connor, ss.	11	10	7	750
Gunderman, 3b.	3	5	3	727
F. Neff, 3b.	0	0	1	000
Team Average	191	74	26	911

WITH THE VARSITY SLUGGERS

	AB	H	Pct.
Hoffman	28	12	429
T. Neff	14	6	429
Rose	10	4	400
Klen	29	10	345
O'Connor	29	10	345
Roach	31	9	290
Gunderman	28	8	286
Weier	19	5	263
Stock	17	4	235
Ratermann	9	2	222
Lauer	9	2	222
Boone	9	2	222
McGuire	30	6	200
F. Neff	1	0	000
Sonderman	5	0	000
Team Average	268	80	298

after vainly trying to keep from nodding, I put the book aside and followed the example of my friends, who was now fast asleep.

When I again awoke, it was the

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STAFF

Albin H. Ratermann.....Editor-in-Chief
Francis L. Fate.....Associate Editor
James H. Hoban.....Sporting Editor
Edward A. O'Connor..Contributing Editor

Address: Editor, The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana.

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EDITORIALS

CONDOLENCE

As a slight expression of our sympathy in the bereavement of our fellow-student, Philip Rose, and of esteem for his dear departed father, The Cheer voices the sincere condolences of a student-body. May the God of all consolation strengthen our fellow-student and his kindred.

CARD OF THANKS

Deeply touched by the thoughtfulness and regard of the students in virtue of the Spiritual Bouquet offered for the soul of a loving husband and father, Philip Rose sends a message to these students bearing the heartfelt gratitude and appreciation of the bereaved family.

DO YOUR PART WELL—NO HONEST TASK UNIMPORTANT

Throughout Nature every atom has its office, every molecule its function, and every particle its duty to perform in the grand scheme of the universe. Every organization is made up of a number of persons, each charged with certain duties and responsibilities, and the aggregate of their individual efforts measures the success or failure of the enterprise.

No man should feel that his position is unimportant. However obscure may be his station, his labor has a part in the completed product, and failure by him means failure or inferior results for the entire organization, for "All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

Every person, by nature and training, is equipped to do certain things; each has his place in the industrial fabric of the world. Looking upon an organization as a more or less complex machine, the identity of the individual is absorbed by the whole, and yet each is a distinct and separate part which must work in concert with every other part.

The great truth is that every one should be satisfied to fill his part successfully, whatever it may be, striving to learn all there is to be learned

about his particular duties and performing them to the best of his ability. Unconsciously he will acquire new strength, just as one involuntarily becomes stronger in passing from childhood to youth and thence to manhood. Scarcely realizing it, he will find himself assuming new and broader responsibilities as his capacity and ability develop. Advancement is sure to follow, for no human power, no combination of circumstances less than Providential, can long retard the person thus prepared.

MUSIC IN THE COLLEGE COURSE

Occupying an apparently secondary position in the studies pursued at college and yet of prime significance in the welfare of our country and ourselves is music. Every student should become interested in some musical instrument, for music is the handmaid of patriotism. "The man that hath not music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. Lei no man trust him."

Music ranks with food, raiment, and shelter as one of the great material wants of our nature, and it is the only sensual gratification in which we may indulge without injury to our moral or spiritual feelings. Music certainly has a place in the schedule of instruction in our colleges, but is it not a fact that it is viewed in a desultory manner? Is not the music course rather lightly treated and oftentimes made to give way to subjects which are considered to be more important or pressing? We hold that music develops in a boy better understanding of the real issues of life and awakens his perception to beauty and quickens his intellectual activity.

The education which concentrates its efforts upon making workmen merely, leaves much to be desired. The greatest aim of cultural education is to train the mind to activity and adequate appreciation of sources of profitable enjoyment; and a course of study is sadly lacking which does not open to the student some avenue of approach to the riches of music which may afford him pleasure and profit in the years to come.

THE SCRAP-BOOK HABIT

Students may be divided into two classes—those who preserve fugitive clippings and those who don't. Among the former are many who for lack of classification become the victims of their belongings. They clip assiduously, they lay aside newspapers containing articles they wish to keep for reference, and they postpone the task of sorting and arranging them to the rainy day or the interval of leisure which never arrives. Presently they are dismayed to find themselves confronted by a pile of ephemeral literature, mountain high, wherein it seems

hopeless even to blaze a trail. That is where the student of meticulous, orderly habits shows his irritating superiority. With him, day unto day has uttered a wisdom; he has tabulated and pigeon-holed his stores as they came to his hand. To raise a vast rubbish-heap around one's self or to live in a ruin that suggests the visit of a Zeppelin does not prove that one is literary and learned.

Those who keep scrap-books are likely to reckon among them the most precious items in their libraries. They will not maintain that all the contents are of superior literary quality. But from cover to cover there is an assortment of the things that have found the collector where he lives—that have touched the innermost recesses of the being in a mood or reflection or a moment of gayer humor. The desultory, casual quality is closer than a diary to the permutations and combinations of daily life.

"Show me the scrap-book that you keep and I will tell you who you are." For the scrap-book is the truest of all autobiographies.

THE COLLEGE AS A MIND-TRAINER

It cannot be denied that many, too many, youths go to college for the fun and the social standing which they procure. But there are others who go "to get an education," with a totally erroneous notion of what education really is. These are oftener than not earnest, hard-working young men, ambitious to learn. But they have somewhere gained the notion that the college should prepare them to take their place immediately upon graduation in the ranks of the skilled workers of the world. They therefore expect the college to teach them trades and vocations of various kinds, which is exactly what the college should not do.

Training the student's mind to a better grasp of the underlying principles of his future trade or profession—this is the purpose of college education. Doing this, it will have a task that will tax all its energies. If these students devote in college the time which they should give to this training of the mind to the acquirement of information regarding some trade or so-called profession, they will find upon entering it that they have not grasped it and that they do not know how to grasp it fully. They will be beaten by men who are not college graduates, but who have studied with a view to training their minds.

Providing the students have given themselves to real college work, they will find that they are able better to grasp the principles of the trade or profession upon which they enter and that their ability to think, gained by the real college training, will bring them in a comparatively short time up to men who have spent years in the profession or trade, but who have

not had their training and who have not by private study made up for the lack of it. This is why the college graduate is now in greater demand than formerly.

Now that it has become known that thirty agricultural schools are giving courses in ice-cream making, might one be pardoned for referring to them as sundae schools?

Prof.: "That's the third time you've looked at James' paper."

Stude: "Yes, sir, he doesn't write very plain."

Dapson—I'll never get over what I saw last night.

Gleason—What's that?

Dapson—The moon.

Bobby: "Mama, did you buy me from the stork?"

Mother: "Yes, dearie, what makes you ask?"

Bobbie: "Oh, I've often wondered why you didn't pay a few more dollars and pick out a little boy without freckles."

* * * *

"Polly want a cracker?"

"No, old dear," replied the parrot, "I have dined copiously. Got a cigarette about you?"—Selected.

* * * *

"I just saw a horse with a wooden leg."

"Where?"

"On the Merry-go-round."

* * * *

"How do you like riding in a patrol?"

"Oh, it might do in a pinch."



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SPEAKING OF RABBITS
(Continued from page 3)

dead of night. The moon was playing hide-and-seek with the clouds, and the stars were sending a faint gleam of light through the window. I tossed about for a while, but finding I could not sleep, got up, lit the lamp, and resting my back against the chimney, continued reading. Suddenly I was disturbed by a low murmur of voices below, which aroused my curiosity. I put my ear to a narrow crevice between the floor and chimney and overheard the following conversation:

"Are you sure, John?" asked the wife.

"I am positive, Marie," answered the farmer, strongly emphasizing the word "positive."

"But," interposed the wife, "what is the use of killing both when only one will do?"

At this I started up and, not waiting for more, went to the window to see if there was any way of escape from these fiends who had been so kind and courteous that evening. Opening the window very carefully, I looked out and saw a large dog tied directly below. Seeing that the one and only way of escape was cut off, I went again to the chimney, put out the light, and listened closely in order to reassure myself, if possible, that what I had heard was true. I waited a few moments and was about to arouse my friend when my attention was again arrested by the voices below, now speaking in a more decided tone.

"Well," said the farmer, "we might as well do it now and be finished with it."

"All right," said Marie, "I guess you are right, but I will get the knife so you can kill them if they make any noise."

"Very well, but be quick," replied the husband.

No longer doubting the sinister intentions of the peasants, I endeavored first to calm my feverish excitement and to do some quick thinking. Before I had time to make another move, I heard the farmer and his wife come to the foot of the ladder and slowly and cautiously mount.

When they reached the top, the farmer transferred the lamp to his wife and took the knife which she reached to him. Then he proceeded on tiptoe to the bed of my friend, whom in my intense anguish and bewilderment I had failed to awaken. He reached under the bed and as he did so, I beheld the heavy blade of the knife gleaming in the dim light just above my friend's throat. Casting aside all doubts and fears, I was just about to leap upon the farmer from my position behind the chimney and stay his hand, when he pulled from beneath the bed a box in which I could but faintly discern the form of two white rabbits, and went out to his wife. As they descended, I heard them whisper that the bunnies would make a fine spread for their guests before they departed on the morrow.

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: : SMILES : :

Bell Hop: (after guest has rung for ten minutes)—Did you ring, sir?

Guest: No, I was tolling; I thought you were dead.

Senior: Hey, Freshie, you've got your shoes on the wrong feet.

Frosh: G'wan, these are the only feet I got.

Prof.: What part of speech is a kiss?

Sweet Young Thing: A conjunction, sir.

Frosh: Waiter, I ordered an egg sandwich and you brought me a chicken sandwich.

Waiter: Yes, sir, I was a little late in calling for your order.

Prof.: You say this theme is entirely the result of your own efforts?

Buckley (Paul): Absolutely; I spent two whole days looking for someone to write it up for me.

Judge: Take the chair for your defense.

Defendant: Yes, sir, whom shall I hit?

"Father, are kings always good?"

"Not always, my son; not when there are aces out against them."

Egg: Where do you hang out?

Nog: Do I look like a laundry?

Hotel Guest: Have you a room with running water?

Clerk: We did have, but we repaired the roof last summer.

Senior (in dentist's waiting room): Oh, why didn't I bring Henry Esmond down?

Frosh: Is he a senior, too?

Little Girl: I never saw an angel with a beard; do men go to heaven?

Mother: Oh, yes, men go to heaven, but it's always a close shave.

Izzy Paulus thought the Chemistry Prof. was bringing in religion to the class when he spoke of Swedish matches—but, Ike, old boy, matrimony is similar to a match—Yeh—a fistic match.

The racket of the library beats the band. With a dash seldom observed in track meets the Library vanquished the much-touted Band in tennis—as Art Froehle would put it—we were born with a racket. (Sh!! I wonder what kind?)

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CHERRY CHATTER

And the night shall be filled with
laughter,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall one by one be unfolded;
Memory, memory shall stay.

This poem is dedicated to the candidates who so befittingly fulfilled it on the 18th of May. Ask Ted Liebert if you want to get the imprint.

St. Joe considering golf matches with Cornell and Notre Dame! We have a second Bobby Jones in our midst. Bobby Romweber is our coming champ; clubs is all he needs now; he's got the rest of the outfit.

Red Gunderman became see sick in Chicago; too much bus riding, Red.

John Sabo, our inventive genius, has put out "The History Revolver"; (it repeats itself.)

Walking into Logic late the other day Roach was asked by the Prof.: "What are you late for?" And John being a true logician answered: "Why—er—for class, Father."

Tom Roynane took Ruess to the candy store—ordered the biggest bar in the store as a cure for the latter's indigestion.

Paul Bernier had a big black eye the other day, but he was noble, he got it protecting a small boy.

Carl Willacker says every argument of his goes into his diary. A regular scrapbook!

During baseball tryouts Johnny Klen to Lauer: "I have a chance for the team."

Jim: "When will the raffle come off?"

Alphonse Lucke had several fits lately—No Al is not sick, just getting a new suit.

Barney Gooley says he isn't smoking anymore — We understand — no more than usual.

"I'm all set" said the sun, as the barns crowded out the day.

You can tell a Harvard or Yale man as far away as you can see him, but you can't tell a St. Joe man anything.

Malcolm De Shone, I went unto the fair village of Rensselaer to purchase, perchance, a suit of clothes—and having the coat fitted the salesman asked him, "Ah, do you want a belt in the back?" Mac replied with alacrity, "No; do you want a kick in the pants?" (If you don't get the joke, don't look for footnotes.)

In economics the question was asked: What do you know about exporters? And Jim Hipkind gave a full copy book about the merits of Pullman cars—how their porters behave, and how they become exporters, when they don't come up to expectations.

Looking over the campus Lawrence McGuire said, "Gee, those guys are a circus when they get together"—someone inserted the ever present who—and Mac punned "Barnum and Bailey."

Speed Meyers is looking for the novel "Finis," he says he has heard that it is the latest thing in books.

According to Vinc Jordan and Joe Steckler the K. of C. goat certainly had sharp horns. Besides riding him, spring football was in vogue i. e., tackling the goat, etc.

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